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SWIMMING.

MANY concurrent circumstances shew the desirability of encouraging the art of swimming among young persons of both sexes. The liberal manner in which the London Swimming Club offers to aid towards the attainment of this most desirable end, we shall speak of presently: the necessity itself requires some preliminary notice. Whether pleasure or business takes people on the water, the urgency is nearly the same. It was grievously lamentable to read and to know, for instance, about two years back, how many hundreds of hapless persons suddenly found a watery grave by the great disaster on the Thames. Innocently going forth to enjoy a day's pleasure on a bright summer day, they crowded the much overladen holiday steamer *Princess Alice*; women and children greatly predominating over men. A sudden catastrophe overwhelmed all alike; and the dwellers in the metropolis will never forget that day which plunged so many families into sorrow and misery. Scores of lives might have been saved, had even a little knowledge of swimming been more generally diffused. Shipwrecks in all parts of the world teach the same lesson; English sailors are deplorably deficient in this art, much to the discredit of the authorities; while passengers in ocean-going ships are obviously in similar plight. Sea and river bathing, in like manner, would be rendered more enjoyable if the bathers could have a little hope that they could swim even a few yards in cases of peril.

Besides these considerations, personal cleanliness would be promoted by an occasional plunge into the water. The late Canon Kingsley animadverted in his own original way on our woful deficiency in facilities for personal ablution: 'I have often amused myself by fancying one question which an old Roman Emperor would ask were he to rise from his grave and visit the sights of London under the guidance of some Minister of State. The august shade would doubtless admire our bridges and railways, our cathedrals and our public parks, and much more of which we need

not be ashamed. But after a while I think he would look round, whether in London or in any other of our great cities, for one class of buildings which in his empire was wont to be almost as conspicuous and as splendid as the basilicas and temples. "And where," he would ask, "are your public baths?" The Minister of State who was his guide might possibly reply: "O great Caesar, I really do not know."

Since Kingsley wrote these pungent words, the building of public baths and wash-houses has done some small amount of good. Much might be said on this matter; but our present subject is more especially confined to the encouragement of swimming as a most valuable art.

Many women and girls entertain a belief that swimming is scarcely a feminine art, that it is slightly wanting in delicacy. This is a mistake; decorum can be easily observed by those who choose to observe it. Miss J. R. Powers a few years ago published a small useful pamphlet under the title, *Why do not Women Swim?* She was Honorary Secretary of a Ladies' Sanitary Association in operation at the time, and warmly advocated swimming both on sanitary grounds and as an aid towards saving human life. She left unanswered the question why women do not learn to swim, but adduced many arguments to shew that they ought to do so. It is well known that at our numerous watering-places very few women swim; they may float and splash about, but only an insignificant proportion of them can really swim. Miss Powers remarks: 'The greater part of the danger to water-traffic would be surmounted if every person could swim. In the majority of shipwrecks and other accidents on the waters, an expert swimmer could either reach land or keep afloat till help came. There is a method of floating which requires very little exertion, and by which even a weak woman may sustain herself on the surface of the water for several hours. Now, on the contrary, when an accident happens even a dozen yards from land, women can do nothing but cling in helpless groups to some brave man who risks his own life to save theirs; and the result is

that all sink in one miserable heap.' The truth of this picture is unhappily borne out by numerous recorded facts.

'Long' swimmers have attracted a good deal of attention in the last few years; that is, swimmers occupying several hours at a stretch. They are not of such paramount utility as some persons suppose; because there is only a limited number of circumstances under which such swimmers are likely to be brought into requisition. Nevertheless they are worthy of being borne in mind, as shewing what can be done not only by strong and active men, but also by young women, in keeping themselves afloat for hours together—far eclipsing the famous classical achievement of Leander swimming across the Hellespont to meet his beloved Hero. Let us just touch on a few of the long swimmers, leaving the reader to fill up details from his own reading of the daily journals.

Somewhat over forty years ago, a seaman belonging to H.M.S. *Orestes* threw himself overboard, as a means of escaping punishment for some offence; he was picked up by a fishing-boat seven hours afterwards off the coast of Spain, and stated that he had been swimming towards the land all the time. About the same period, two men swam up the river Mersey from Liverpool to Runcorn; they accomplished the distance in something less than four hours. Passing over a long interval, during which many swimmers were recorded of a few hours' duration, we come to the more recent exploits of Captain Webb, certainly the most remarkable swimmer of whom we have authentic record. After some notable achievements in the Irish Sea, he undertook the astonishing feat of swimming across the whole breadth of the English Channel despite its very rough sea. On the first attempt he could only reach part of the way, and was for safety brought back by an attendant steamer. His second attempt, in 1875, was quite successful; he swam for nearly *twenty-two* hours continuously, from Dover to the French coast near Calais; he was supplied occasionally with refreshments by persons near at hand, but he never touched boat or ground during this prolonged interval. In the same year a young damsel, Miss Agnes Beckwith, daughter of Beckwith the teacher of swimming, gave clear proof that the weaker sex is strong enough to achieve remarkable results in this art; she swam down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich, amid the crowded shipping of that part of the river. In a spirit of emulation, Emily Parker, daughter of another professional swimmer, slightly exceeded Agnes Beckwith's distance by swimming from London Bridge to Blackwall. Cavill, another swimming-master, accomplished the distance from Dover to Ramsgate; he was six hours and a half doing the feat, but was more distressed with the heat of the sun beating down upon his head and the sunshine glaring into his eyes than with fatigue. Quite recently the London public have been astonished by proofs of the great length of time that persons can remain floating with or without swimming. At the Westminster Aquarium is a large tank constructed for the temporary reception of a live whale; in this tank Agnes Beckwith remained afloat for *thirty hours*, without touching ground or sides of the tank, singing a little and occasionally reading a newspaper to pass away the dreary monotony,

and taking refreshments handed to her; the water had a strong infusion of salt thrown in it, to increase its buoyancy. Since that time, Captain Webb has eclipsed everything else of the kind known; in the recent month of May he remained in the whale-tank no less than *sixty hours* continuously, floating all the time, and never touching sides or bottom.

Miss Beckwith frequently exhibits the art of swimming in some of our larger buildings, with useful hints as to the modes in which some may save themselves and help to save others from drowning.

Three or four years ago, at the Marylebone Swimming Bath, Mr R. H. Wallace-Dunlop gave a brief address on Swimming and Swimmers. His purpose was in part to introduce a new system of *plate-swimming*, to lessen some of the mechanical or muscular exertion required in the ordinary method. These plates, and another contrivance called *flippers*, are secondary in importance, however, to the fact that persons can certainly learn ordinary swimming very easily, without any other apparatus than their own arms and legs. Mr Dunlop, commenting on the sad neglect of the art in this country, said: 'The armies of Germany, under the system introduced by General Pfahl, are taught swimming as part of the necessary drill instruction. The armies of France, Italy, and other nations, taught under Bernardi's system, which is called "walking under water," are all made competent to cross rivers and canals. In the armies of Great Britain, on the contrary, if there is any system at all in this respect, it is the system of neglect. Our soldiers and—strange to say—sailors are never taught to swim. Britannia may rule the waves, but it is more than our soldiers and sailors can do individually for themselves.' Mr Dunlop drew attention to the disasters of the *Franconia*, the *Strathclyde*, the *Vanguard*, and the *Iron Duke*, as shewing how many valuable lives might have been saved had the persons on board known a little about swimming.

The London Swimming Club has made a very liberal offer in connection with such matters. Mr Garratt Elliott, the Honorary Secretary, draws the attention of the public to the subject from time to time through the medium of the newspapers. The Club has no swimming-bath to lend—indeed the great city of London is sadly deficient in them. The Club will assist learners gratuitously, or for a small payment in some cases. More especially the boys in large establishments are thought about. Mr Elliott in one of his communications says: 'Why any moderate-sized boarding-school is without a plunge-bath (even so small as those at Endell Street), I cannot imagine; in the winter season it could be used as a covered playground or lecture-room. If the expense be too heavy, a tuition-tank could be constructed for about fifty pounds, in which every child could be taught in the routine of school.' So far as the City of London Club is concerned, instruction, as we have said, is given either gratuitously or for payment, according to circumstances.

An interesting display took place in the month of April last, tending to shew what can be done if committees and managers of large establishments choose to do it. The Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, the Emanuel Hospital

School at Westminster, the Royal Caledonian Asylum at Holloway, the Commercial Travellers' School near Watford, the Spurgeon Orphanage at Stockwell, all possess swimming-baths, superintended and kindly aided by the London Swimming Club. At one of them, the Orphan Working School, none of the boys had any knowledge of swimming when the baths were commenced a few years ago; now they can all swim, some of them for considerable distances. On the occasion adverted to, many of the boys competed for the Club's certificates at the Floating Baths just outside the Thames Embankment near Charing Cross. Some of the best of them shewed not only how to save their own lives from drowning, but also how they may aid in saving others in time of peril.

Our scanty supply of swimming-baths is, as we have implied, a sad drawback to the learning and practising of this most salutary art. Liverpool, however, celebrated among our provincial cities for the grand scale on which the municipal authorities carry into effect public works, to be paid for out of rates and dues, has reason to be proud of her public baths, distributed as they are in six different parts of the city and suburbs, and constructed at an aggregate cost exceeding one hundred thousand pounds. Besides small ablutionary baths, there are twelve swimming-baths of ample dimensions. In the metropolis, the best supplied district or parish is Marylebone; the public baths and wash-houses here established comprise four swimming-baths averaging seventy feet in length; while the adjoining parish of Paddington possesses one reaching ninety feet in length.

Amongst the numerous subjects which are now taught to boys and girls, the art of swimming certainly should not be neglected.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you?'

I WENT up to town next day with Uncle Ben, according to arrangement. I found Dr Brand a trifle brusque and dictatorial, I thought; but learning that years must elapse before he would undertake to do more than take a friendly interest in me, I thought I should manage to get along with him very nicely. In the great school of medicine and surgery in which I presently found myself a pupil, Dr Brand was regarded with profound respect. One of the first things pointed out to me in the hospital museum was a dissection of the human arm, in which every nerve and vein and artery and muscle was displayed in most delicate and exquisite network. That was Dr Brand's doing; and it was looked on as something next to a miracle of dexterity and art. I saw him in the operating theatre, where he stood almost unrivalled. At first, his perfect calm, the insouciance with which he went to the most terrible performances, shocked and disgusted me, and I thought him a monster of no-feeling. But in a week or two I began to be better able to understand and value his quiet mastery; and in a month he was my special hero.

It has been a problem to many, how it comes about that the orderly and gentlemanly men who make up the rank-and-file of medicine and surgery in these islands are evolved from the disorderly and rowdy youth who make up the staple of our medical-student supply. I confess myself the more unable to solve this problem because I have been intimate with the embryonic and with the complete surgeon, and have known and noted the marvellous space which severs them. In Oxford, I had known reading sets, and boating sets, and drinking and gambling sets, and sets of all sorts. But though I found men here given over to the same variety of pursuits, they went about them for the most part in so different a manner, and were themselves of so different an order, that I seemed to be thrown into quite an unfamiliar life among them. I had been so accustomed to the control of money, that town-life offered me no new temptations to extravagance. Of all the keen things Balzac has written, there is none keener than that passage in which he declares of an extravagant woman that she was reckless in the profligacy of her waste *because* she had known a time when a sou's worth of fried potatoes would have been a luxury to her. But it never occurred to me to do less than spend what Uncle Ben allowed me, and I found my society sought by some for whom I had little affection. How it fared with Uncle Ben's sons, my cousins, I can only conjecture; but I know that my relationship to the great millionaire was converted into one of the miseries of my life, by the adulation it secured me, and the prominence it occasionally gave me. Mr Wickamby, senior demonstrator, was marvelously fond of me, and undertook to introduce me to scientific society in London. I went to an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in his company at one time, and was finding an innocent interest in the display of divers new inventions, when a whisper from Wickamby—'The nephew of Hartley—Hartley Hall, you know—the great millionaire'—came in upon my quiet, and my night was spoiled. There was a gilt pasteboard erection of cubic form at one end of the room, which was supposed to represent the exact amount of gold in circulation in the British Islands; and whilst I regarded this, and thought how small a sum of money it represented per head for the population, Mr Wickamby came up and laughed, and said in the voice of a public lecturer, that my uncle, Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall, 'could shew a considerable slice of that if he desired to—eh? Ha! ha!' The baleful whisper followed me into remote corners: 'Nephew of Hartley—great millionaire—Hartley. Quite a self-made man.'

There was a Doctor of Divinity there who was most ponderously polite to me, and who took the keenest interest in my uncle and my welfare. He delivered a little oration to me on the dangers and advantages of wealth; and whenever anybody passed the corner in which he had me penned, he would interrupt the current of his speech to

summon the passer-by, and would ask to be permitted to introduce Mr Campbell, 'nephew of Mr Hartley, the distinguished millionaire.' The coarse greed with which I found myself surrounded, not for money, but for leave to talk about it, would have been matter for laughter, if I had not been the centre of it. As it was, however, it became unbearable, and I withdrew myself stealthily. I had rooms in Clement's Inn, light airy chambers, looking out upon a square of green, bordered by fine trees. The rooms look now upon the New Law Courts, which have been so long a building, and the grass is still there before them, and the trees yet flourish. I was mightily proud of those chambers at the first, and was perhaps happier in them than I have ever been elsewhere. 'What more felicitie,' asks the poet, 'can fall to creature, Than to enjoye delighte with libertie?' Mr Wickamby, the senior demonstrator, would sometimes visit me of an afternoon and take a glass of Burgundy and a cigar. He was a man who smiled, a comfortable man, with a saponaceous manner. He had little set forms of speech for all manner of circumstances and contingencies, which he used by rote, as though they were formulae out of the Pharmacopœia. One of these was that it really seemed absurd to say it, but if ever at any moment I found myself in want of funds, I was to apply to him, and consider him my banker. It was so easy, he would add, to run out of coin in town. At first, it crossed me that this was the prelude to a request for a loan; but Mr Wickamby never tried my regard in that way; and he used to utter his formula so heartily, that I grew positively grateful to him for his benevolence.

But there were pleasanter visitors than Mr Wickamby at my chambers in Clement's Inn, and among the pleasantest were Gascoigne and Æsop. Gascoigne's clerical duties held him hard and fast in the country all the year, with the exception of one fortnight, which he spent with me. I met him at the railway station, and brought him home in great glee, and enthroned him in an armchair.

'What prospects?' I asked him. 'When are you going to be a Bishop?'

'I don't know,' he answered laughingly. But he added more gravely, and as I thought with a touch of regretfulness: 'I ought to have stayed on at college, Jack, and taken a fellowship. But I should never have had the living which is to be mine unless I had put my neck into the yoke of this curacy. The patron insists on having a working man, and I am working. One of the ameliorations,' he said, laughing again, 'is that they don't consider cricket wicked in our part of the world.'

I said somewhat hotly at this, that the servants of the Church were surrounded by foolish restrictions, and that none seemed more absurd to me than the denial of harmless outdoor sports. I could see a reason against perhaps hunting; but there were a dozen other things which I enumerated in which, as I believed, there lay harm neither for a clergyman nor for his flock.

'You are wrong, Jack,' said Gascoigne seriously. 'But the drawback in the Church of England is that the influence secured is not commensurate with the sacrifice ordained. The true sacerdotal

power is not wielded by any man in our Church, even though he may make all the concessions which should secure it. The power of the Church at large is great; but the openings to individual ambition are few. There is an open avenue to fame and power in the Church of Rome; and though you may not think it, there is a way as broad and certain among the great schismatic sects—Congregational and Wesleyan. Amongst us, the individual withers, and the Church is more and more. Spurgeon is more of a personality than even the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

'Then,' I asked, 'you are not satisfied?'

'Which of us,' he quoted, "'is satisfied in this world? Which of us has his desire?'"

'But,' I urged, 'there is surely some joy in fighting a good cause, even as one of the rank-and-file?'

'Ay,' said Gascoigne; 'surely. But there would be more joy perhaps in leading the combatants.'

'In what direction?' I asked him.

He laughed, and threw his hands abroad with a careless gesture. 'Perhaps one might see,' he answered, 'a little farther on horseback.'

I loved him so sincerely and admired him so much, that this seeming flippancy grieved me, and I let the subject go. 'Æsop will be here directly,' I told him. 'I have asked him especially to come this evening; but I have not told him that you will be here. I kept that for a surprise.'

There was a little constraint upon me as I said this; for I did not wish it to appear that I disented seriously from any mood of his. Lest he should observe this, I arose as I spoke, and seizing one of his portmanteaus, dragged it into his bedroom. It was a little surprising that he returned no answer for a minute. But he called out after that pause, as he followed with the other portmanteau: 'Æsop coming! Jolly!' And then in a changed tone he said suddenly: 'How very unfortunate.'

I turned round and faced him as he sat upon the bed, and asked him what was unfortunate.

'At what time did you ask Æsop to be here?' he queried.

'Eight o'clock,' I answered.

'What a pity,' he said in an eager bustling way. 'I have an appointment I ought to have kept at once on coming into town.' He laid his hands on my shoulders, and put me away from him laughingly. 'The pleasure of seeing you, Old Jack, sent it out of my head; but I must keep it. I am a quarter of an hour late already,' he went on, looking at his watch. 'Let me write a line to Gregory, lest he should think I ran away from him.'

I gave him pen, ink, and paper, and he scrawled a hasty note. 'Read that,' he said, as he threw it in an open envelope towards me. 'I shall be back in an hour and a half at latest.' He seized his hat, and was hurrying from the room, when I called after him.

'How about dinner?'

'Ah! dinner!' he said, turning with a hand upon the door. 'Put it off till nine. Is that possible? Or dine without me to-night. Never mind, Old Jack. Better luck next time.' With that he went out; and I heard him leaping downstairs, two steps at a time.

He had not gone long when Gregory came in.

Gascoigne's sudden departure had left me a little dull, and I was all the more rejoiced to see Æsop. He and I chatted indifferently for a minute or two, until he said: 'You sent for me particularly. Anything up?' I handed him Gascoigne's letter, thinking how pleasant it would be by-and-by for all three of us to be together in my rooms. It was growing dusk; and he took it to the window to read it. He seemed a long time getting through it, I thought, especially since Gascoigne had spent so little time in writing it. I asked at last if he did not find it legible. 'Yes,' he answered; 'legible enough. But it's very unlucky. I can't wait for him.'

'Can't wait for him?' I asked piteously. 'You take it very quietly, the two of you, spoiling my night in this way.'

'Ah, well,' said Æsop, with an air of philosophy; 'life's full of disappointments, and we must school ourselves to bear 'em.'

'Well, you'll come to-morrow, won't you? And we'll spend the day together.'

'Well, I'm not sure about to-morrow,' said Æsop, with an air of some constraint; 'but I'll write and tell you about it. Meantime, give the traveller drink; and I'll take a cigar. I've only half an hour to spare.'

Nothing remained but to make the best of it. I should have Gascoigne back directly, and a pleasant fortnight lay before me. Yet the rose-coloured bloom seemed somehow to be rubbed off that near future, and I felt quite chilled and unhappy. Gregory smoked his cigar almost in silence; and I went out with him and saw him into a cab; and thereafter went back to my chambers in a disconsolate and gloomy mood, and awaited Gascoigne.

When he returned, he heard of Gregory's departure with so singular an absence of concern in manner, though he said fluently enough what a pity it was to miss Æsop, that I asked him outright if he did not care to meet him. He blushed a little, and said that all our youthful friendships could scarcely be expected to last as firmly as that between us two. He was so embarrassed whilst he said this, beneath the lightness of manner he assumed, that before I had well thought it, I called out: 'You don't care for Gregory. Did you leave me to avoid him?'

He turned quite red in his distress. 'Jack,' he said appealingly, 'who has put such a notion into your head? Has Gregory hinted anything of the kind?'

'No,' I cried; 'nothing. It was only a fancy of mine. But I thought—you were both so calm about missing each other—that you had quarrelled, and did not wish me to know it. You were not very much with each other at Uncle Ben's place when you were down last, and I have never seen you since, except apart.'

I thought he seemed relieved, though I could not conjecture why. He made no answer except to ask me if I had read his note to Gregory. When I said 'No,' he took it from the table where Gregory had left it, and handed it to me. It began, 'My dear Æsop,' and ended with, 'Yours always'; and there was no hint of anything but friendship in the few hearty lines which expressed his regret for keeping Gregory waiting.

There was no news from Gregory for four days; and I was so wounded at this, that it alto-

gether dashed the triumph and pleasure of having Gascoigne to myself in my own London chambers; a matter which had seemed too pleasant to be real in the contemplation of it. On the morning of the fifth day, a letter came bearing the Paris post-mark, and expressing Æsop's regrets at his enforced absence. This cleared the cloud; for it explained that unexpected private business had sent him abroad. 'Assure Gascoigne of my best wishes,' said the letter at its close. 'There is no need to tell either of you how happy the *réunion* you planned would have made me, had it been possible for me to share in it.' So that there was no fear of any breach between them, I cared less for the absence of one of them.

Gregory did not return to town until Gascoigne had gone back to his curacy. I told him of the fears I had entertained about the possible decadence of their friendship; and he listened to all I had to say with a solemnity very unusual with him. He spoke in answer with a sort of rough tenderness. 'You nurse illusions, young un. Heave 'em overboard; but be sure you don't let your generous impulses go with 'em.'

He spoke so seriously, that I concluded he *had* a meaning; though why the loss of any generous impulse should be involved in my ceasing to believe that he and Gascoigne had quarrelled, I could not divine. A sudden sound of footsteps on the staircase and a determined hammering at my outer door prevented the continuation of our talk; and my visitors being admitted, made instant demands for drink, and stated that they had come with a proposal. They were amiable young people, with strong social leanings, and were supposed by their parents to be reading for the Bar. The proposal was that a convivial society should be formed, meeting in rotation at the chambers of the men who belonged to it; and Gregory being voted to the chair, an initial committee meeting was held. Bills of Wadham had come prepared with a suggestion that the society should be known as 'The Associated Order of Rum-Pum-Pahs and Royal Brotherhood of Frolicsome Fellows'; and this imposing title being by acclamation adopted, the rules and regulations of the society were straightway framed. Jeans, late of Exeter, and now of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, called to that high profession the week before last, was already glorious in the possession of the services of a clerk, to whom the task of engrossing the rules of the new society was intrusted. We went for all this genial nonsense with a certain solemnity which became it well, and discussed laws and by-laws with a business-like gravity which left upon me a sense of having been hard at work. The first meeting took place at my chambers, and was attended by the consumption of much liquid refreshment and a great number of cigars. On this occasion I was formally installed as Royal Fellow; and Gregory was created Deputy Royal Fellow. A vast number of other offices were created, one of the chief objects of the society being to include none who did not hold office within its ranks.

Thereafter, regular weekly meetings were held at the chambers of the various members; and the society lived a flourishing and on the whole a very jovial and harmless life, which gave delight and hurt not. It reached an untimely finish in

the rooms in which it first came into being. The hour of midnight approached, and we were singing an absurd chorus :

From Wimbledon to Wombleton is seventeen miles ;
From Wombleton to Wimbledon is seventeen miles ;
From Wimbledon to Wombleton—
From Wombleton to Wimbledon—
From Wimbledon to Wombleton is seventeen miles.

I had thought, in the pauses of this topographical record, that I could hear a knocking at the door ; and any doubt I might have had upon the point was set at rest when the end of the chorus came. Blows were dealt upon the door in a perfect shower, apparently by a heavy stick ; and one of my companions answering this noisy summons, reported the advent of 'an elderly bloke in sportive raiment.' This announcement being made in a voice which must have been audible without, I went to greet my visitor, whoever he might be, with some reasonable dread that he might consider himself insulted. To my surprise, the visitor was no other than my Uncle Ben ; and before his eye caught mine, I could see both trouble and anger on his face.

'Come in, uncle,' I said, but with some awkwardness. 'I have a few friends here. I have told you about the Club in my letters, and it meets here to-night.'

He pushed by me without answer, and standing in the centre of the room, surveyed the assembly for a moment. Then nodding to Gregory, he removed his hat, and sat down in the chair I had occupied. 'Don't let me disturb your amusements,' he said gruffly ; but his angry countenance perturbed the young fellows, and they sat in silence, or talked to one another in subdued tones and formal phrases. In a little space one rose to go. Another followed him ; and in less than a quarter of an hour after Uncle Ben's arrival, the room was cleared. I had made an awkward presentation of my uncle to the assembly, and had tried to enter into talk with him ; but his manner, so different from anything I had hitherto observed in him, froze all geniality, and his answers were all a gloomy 'Yes' or 'No.' When at last the guests were all gone, he drank a tumbler of Burgundy, and rising, took his stand upon the hearthrug.

'What is the matter, uncle ?' I asked, after a moment's pause, in which he had looked at me as if about to speak. 'Is any one ill at home ? Is Maud ?—'

'I suppose,' he said, regarding me with a look of mingled grief and rage which, while it staggered, baffled me to understand—'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you ?'

'No,' I stammered—'unless it were the—'

'The what ?' he asked me, with an almost fierce anxiety.

'The meeting here to-night, and the noise we were making when you came.'

He held his hat in his hand, and to my intense surprise, he dashed it, at this answer, on the floor, and broke into an execration. I regarded him with both amazement and fear ; for the mood in which I saw him was so foreign to his nature, that I could only think him mad. Quite apart from the fact that he always drank with extreme moderation, I could tell that he was sober now. He glared at me for full a minute

with his face inflamed by rage ; but he fought hard for self-control, and at last secured it.

'Anybody to look at you,' he said, 'ud think as you was wonder-struck.'

'I am indeed,' I answered. 'Pray, tell me what has happened.'

'Oh !' he said, shaking his head at me with an expression of bitter sorrow, 'you deceive ! Oh ! you deceiver !'

'Uncle,' I cried, 'in what have I ever deceived you ? What have I done ?'

'You shall have a chance,' he said with a broken voice, whilst tears made their way to his eyes. 'I'll give you a opportunity. Make a clean breast of it, an' I'll overlook it.'

His appeal cut me to the quick ; for I could read such a pathetic earnestness in his broken speech and his rugged homely face as I had never seen or heard elsewhere. But I had no answer. I was half giddy with surprise, and my mind was filled with quick-darting conjectures. All my guesses left me bewildered ; for though I had a boyish fault and folly here and there set down in the books of conscience, I could think of nothing I had ever done or contemplated which seemed worthy of a tithe's tithe of his emotion.

'You shall have a chance,' he said. 'Tell me you done it. Tell me what you done it for. Promise me, on your sacred oath, as you'll never do it again, and this once I'll overlook it. Don't send your Uncle Ben off broken-hearted. Make a clean breast, an' I'll forgive you.' The tears were coursing down his face, and he spoke with a broken voice.

I think the love and sorrow which I felt for him steadied me. I answered then. 'Uncle, whatever suspicion you may harbour against me, I am innocent of having done one thing or thought one thought against your peace of mind. Tell me what you believe against me, and I will clear myself.'

'You're hardened,' he answered with returning anger ; 'but my sister's blood's in you, and though your father was a rogue before you, I can't get over it. I can't believe,' he went on, softening again, 'as Bella's child's gone quite to the bad so young. Look here, Johnny. I took you for your mother's sake ; an' I kep' you, an' I had you bred up like a gentleman, an' I did my best to make a man of you. If I seem to be stern with you, it's for your good. I can't overlook it, not without a full confession ; an' even then, it'll take ears an' ears to overgrow it. But you clean your breast, an' I'll forgive you.'

'You quite bewilder me,' I answered earnestly. 'I know of nothing—I have done nothing, which could cause you such grief. Believe me, uncle, I would sooner die than even seem ungrateful.' In the eagerness of my protestation I approached him and laid a hand upon his arm ; and he looked at me fixedly, whilst I could see sorrow again giving way to rage. Perhaps this alteration in his mood worked some change in mine ; for I added with more firmness than I had been able hitherto to shew, that I had a right to hear his accusation, and that it was impossible that I could clear myself until I knew of what I was suspected.

'Oh, you innocent, persecuted, wrong-suspected creature,' he cried with a bitter sneer. 'You haven't done nothin' mean, have you ? You haven't done nothin' low an' base, an' blackguardly,

an' criminal, have you now? Law bless us, no; he wouldn't.

'I have not,' I cried, with mounting anger at the obstinacy of his accusation, and his refusal to put it before me plainly. 'And whoever charges such a thing against me, lies.'

'What?' he said again. 'You've made your mind up to brave it out, an' swear black's white?'

'Neither your past tenderness to me,' I answered, 'nor your relationship, nor your age, give you a right to speak so. If you have any charge to bring, speak it out. If you will give me no chance to clear myself, I will not listen to your accusations.' Those were the last words I spoke to him; for he broke out with a wild exclamation, and struck me across the face so heavily that I fell and lay unconscious for a time. When I awoke, dizzily and painfully, there was already a gray light peering through the windows, and I was alone. The interview with Uncle Ben seemed at first like a miserable dream; but as it cleared itself to my memory, nothing but wounded pride withheld my tears.

TEA-PLANTING IN ASSAM.

In our issue of August 9, 1879, we gave our readers a sketch of the lives of Indian coolies who had emigrated to British Guiana. We have been favoured by a contributor, who has special knowledge on the subject, with a few remarks upon the employment of the same class of people by English capitalists in India. His narration is as follows:

'The population of the province of Assam is too small, and the people much too indolent, to meet the labour requirements of the great industry which has grown up in the last forty years, and which is rapidly increasing and extending to other districts of India. It has consequently become necessary to import labour to the province; and the over-crowded rural districts of Bengal offer a large and satisfactory field for obtaining that which, in addition to the generally believed all-powerful capital, is indispensable to success—namely, labour.

'Into districts such as these, East and West India planters have sent their agents to obtain labour, and to the mutual benefit of employer and employé. A recent official return gave the number of labourers imported into Assam alone at one hundred and ninety thousand. There are many other districts engaged in tea-planting, although Assam stands most in need of imported labour. This province in the past has come in for a fair share of calumny—planters have treated their labourers as cattle, underpaid, overworked, badly housed, half-starved, mercilessly beaten them, and so on. Parliamentary debaters on the "cat" uphold the fact that troublesome members are to be found in every community, and that in some cases, severity alone can keep the command in the proper hands; and thus exceptionally severe measures have undoubtedly sometimes been used by the Indian planter. On the other hand, a conscientious and right-thinking body of men comprise the planting community at

the present time, and a labourer is too valuable to be badly treated. In making new estates, the home comforts of the coolies are secured even before those of the European. Wells and tanks are dug to secure a supply of wholesome water; and houses—erected at no small cost—are abandoned if considered unhealthy, and a new site chosen.

'The government of India does away with the remote chance of the Indian emigrant being badly off. Planters' agents in the recruiting districts have to be armed with a license signed by the magistrate of the district they leave, and countersigned by a like official in the place where they wish to recruit. When the labourers are prevailed upon to seek a living in distant districts, instead of dragging out an existence in their own country, they have to be taken before a magistrate and express their willingness to go with the recruiter, so as to satisfy justice—that is, the government of India—that they are not coerced into leaving. The first term of service is for three years, although planters are agitating for an extension of the period of service. All expenses come directly upon the importer; and it costs from sixty to a hundred rupees a head to bring suitable coolies from their homes to Assam. When their agreements expire, they are free to renew or leave; but the planter does not have to provide them a passage home. The daily working hours are nine, with one day's rest in seven. Rice has to be supplied to coolies at a given rate, and for several years past planters have sustained a very heavy and serious loss under this head, being forced to supply rice to coolies at nearly half the original cost. A blanket too has to be given to each agreement coolie every year, and a good house and medical attendance provided gratuitously.

'Imported labourers in the tea districts of India are very well off. The men are engaged at four, five, and six rupees per month, and the women at three, four, and five rupees. Every child above five years of age works and is paid; and people with large families, if provident, are able to save no inconsiderable sums of money. For these rates, certain tasks are given; but they seldom occupy even half the time of industrious labourers. Men hoeing not infrequently do three or four extra tasks in a day, and the writer has seen them returning home with their day's work done—that is, the regulation task—at nine o'clock in the morning. Women are able to earn still better wages at certain seasons of the year. A woman under agreement for five rupees a month would have a daily wage of about ten pice (threepence three-farthings). In good growing weather, when there has been a great pressure of leaf, I have known women take ten annas (one shilling and threepence) extra pay in the evening, for a day's work over the task. It was a woman's own fault if she did not treble and quadruple her ten pice a day. There was the leaf growing so fast as to make the planter very anxious indeed to get it off the bushes, and the women who earned good pay were always encouraged by the manager, who only wished that a few more would take the same amount. An estate coolie can live very well indeed upon six pice a day, as he gets his rice at a reduced rate. Now, even when he does his task only, he receives ten or twelve pice daily, and so has a good proportionate balance at the end of the

month. Clothing costs but little, and the item of soap does not involve a ruinous expenditure.

'The people are enjoying a state of prosperity which they could not have imagined possible when struggling for an existence in their own homes. A coolie has only to be industrious and careful, and he is bound to save money. If sick, he is fed; if well, is made to work, and is paid. Good workmen are seen after a few years in the country in possession of cows, goats, and poultry, and occasionally a pony or two. They give their wives and children silver ornaments; and not infrequently adorn their own waists with neat silver chains, representing a sum of money which I question whether they could have realised as their own possession, when at home. Many prefer to keep on the estates where work, pay, and good treatment if sick, are certain. Others open shops, or take up patches of land and turn farmers on their own account; not as the drudges of usurers, as they were in their own country. Many of the people accumulate wealth which would give an English artisan a very good standing indeed in the workshop; and such a sum represents infinitely more to a man who can live well upon six pice (twopence-farthing) per diem, than to the Englishman who needs beef and beer to maintain an existence. Sometimes when factory remittances are delayed, money is borrowed for a few days from the coolies. Indeed, it is not infrequently a matter for remark upon the satisfactory position gained by good work, that it actually enables them to lend money to the Sahib! As a contrast, the people when living at home had to work hard year after year just to keep life in their bodies.

'Mental and physical improvement is noticeable in the people who take advantage of the work and pay offered, and are provident with their earnings, and an unqualified blessing has accrued to those who have immigrated into new districts. The government of India has acted wisely and well in thus protecting the labourer, because with his substance he gets a little sense; and a few generations hence, when sensible natives are enjoying the position started by their coolie ancestors, they will doubtless recognise the fact that their improved standing is due to the government of the British power in India.'

From a correspondent who signs himself *Chota-wallah* we have the following notes, which may be of interest to those who contemplate trying their fortunes in Assam as 'Assistants' on tea plantations. 'No young fellow,' says Chota-wallah, 'should leave home on the chance of finding employment when he gets out, for many have had to regret coming out on "spec" to spend weeks or even months in an expensive hotel, and in some cases, when all their money was spent, having to seek work elsewhere.

'The ordinary terms on which assistants are engaged are: that they pay their own passage out to the garden, and agree to serve for three years, receiving as salary one hundred rupees, or say ten pounds, per month during the first—one hundred and fifty rupees per month for the second—and two hundred rupees for the third year. For India this seems small pay for even a beginner; but up-country fowls and ducks—which take the place of butcher-meat during the greater part of

the year—are very cheap; and the tea-garden assistant, if he does not live with some senior man during his first year, and pay him a moderate sum for mess, has a bungalow provided, so that he has no rent to pay; a horse kept for him, and the wages of a groom (syce), watchman (chowkedar), water-carrier (pani-wallah), and a gardener (malee), paid by the estate. Most new hands get one man at say ten or twelve rupees per month, who will cook and also wait at table till they can afford more. Thus the only wages the young assistant has to pay for the first year or two are—his khansama's ten or twelve rupees, six rupees to the washerman, and say two rupees out of his own pocket to make the chowkedar look to his clothes a little. Although a native will both cook and wait at table for a man just out, they do not like the duties being combined, and look on one who can afford two employing but one as mean and not Sahib-like; so that you may almost say a man has to increase the number, or at all events the pay of his personal servants as his own salary is increased. The following is something like a list of men attached as personal servants to a European in charge of a Garden: one cook, one table-servant, one bearer, one washerman, one punkah-wallah—often dispensed with—one syce, one grass-cutter, one man to bring firewood, one water-carrier, and one dāk-wallah, or letter-carrier; of whom the first five are private servants, the others being provided by the estate.

'To return to the fresh assistant. He pays, as we have seen, twenty rupees per month for servants, and has eighty rupees left to keep him; and on this, with care—as he will have brought a stock of clothes with him—he may live quite comfortably, if he does not drink beer—a costly item in a planter's house account—which a healthy young fellow just out from home cannot really require. In his second year, he will be able to afford a bottle of beer or pint of claret with his breakfast or dinner, which will do him no harm. In a climate like Assam, where there is so much wear and tear on the constitution, a little stimulant, after a man has been two or three years in the country, is beneficial; while the man who drinks to excess will soon suffer both in health and pocket; for proprietors will soon get rid of a man who neglects their work, as one who exceeds must. Men in coming out first, usually leave home about October, and get up to Assam during December, when the weather is delightfully cool, in fact superior to a fine English summer; for we have fires at night and in the early morning from November to the end of February. Coming at this season, besides getting accustomed to the heat as it comes on gradually, the new arrival sees the first steps in the making of a tea-garden; for it is during the months from October to April that we clear and plant; and before the cold season comes round again, he will have a good idea of a planter's life and work at the present day, without having to experience the hardships and privations which the planters of a dozen years ago had to endure. Whereas their predecessors had to travel about in the jungles looking for land, and while clearing it when found, had to live in wretched huts, often twenty or thirty miles from any other European, and quite out of the way of obtaining stores regularly; the assistant nowadays walks into a comfortable bungalow on a settled garden, with good

communication with the Brahmapootra and with his neighbours, who, now that there are so many gardens in the province, are seldom very distant. But though decidedly better than it was a few years ago, and steadily improving, let no young fellow suppose he is coming to an Eldorado where, in three or four years, he is sure to have made enough to enable him to retire. In Assam, we have a very bad climate, and what money is made is accumulated only by those who work hard and attend to their business, and doubtless at the cost of a certain number of years of life. Although there is nothing like the former amount of jungle-fever, there are very few who do not suffer at intervals from fever and ague; and to many this sticks even after they leave the country for good.

'Now that I have satisfied the "would-be" planter that there are drawbacks to a life in the jungle, it will be as well to give him some notion of the work. Suppose we begin at say six o'clock on a "rains" morning, when having had his cup of tea and toast, the assistant will take a turn round the "lines," to see that the people are going out to work; then a look into his leaf-house, to see whether the "green-leaf" plucked the previous day be ready for rolling or not; and then, if he has no native doctor, he returns to the bungalow, in front of which will be ranged all the sick people waiting for medicine. A man always knows when to give a dose of castor-oil or one of chlorodyne, and generally to prescribe for any simple ailment; and a manager always does well to be careful of the health of his people. The writer has often been ill in Assam, and has found his native servants most attentive nurses, and consequently cannot sympathise with those who talk of the "nigger" as so much our inferior as to be insensible of kindness. Fortunately, self-interest prevents the natives being ill-treated to any extent by the few who might be inclined to use them ill, for coolies are not slaves, and will not remain where they are not well treated. The sick people seen to, the planter goes through the garden to see that the coolies are plucking and hoeing properly; and will probably stay among them till 10.30; when he will have another look, to see that all is going on right in the tea-house, before returning to the bungalow for a bath and breakfast. Between breakfast and four P.M. he will pay frequent visits to the tea-house, and also get through any writing he may have to do. After four o'clock, it will be cool enough for another turn round the garden, to see what has been done during the day, and also what he will put his people to do on the morrow. In the evening, he will pay his coolies for extra work done during the day—for regular work they are paid monthly. About seven he will dine; and then a couple of pipes and an hour's reading generally fit him for bed. Men living alone rarely sit up late; the day's work is fairly heavy, and there are few amusements. In the cold weather, there is no tea-house work; but pruning, clearing, planting and transplanting, building and road-making, fully occupy the European's attention.

'To break the monotony of his life, the planter runs away for a day or two occasionally, to visit his neighbours; or they come to him. And in the cold season, shooting-parties are got up, when as many planters as can get together join, and bring

their elephants to go after tiger, buffalo, rhinoceros, deer, and whatever else comes in the way, or in places have snipe and florican shooting; so that with fair health, a man manages to get through a few years tolerably pleasantly, sometimes even very happily—always looking forward to the time when he will be able to go home, first for a while, and by-and-by for good.'

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

KATRINE'S DIARY (Continued).

PAPA and Aunt Mabel were naturally in a great state of excitement and curiosity; but Edie was still so weak that I stopped all questions and took her at once to bed. Her head was scarcely on the pillow when she fell into a quiet sleep, which seemed likely to last for hours. Then I called her old nurse to sit with her, and slipped out by the garden door. I ran down the shrubbery till I came to its darkest end, where the trees grow so thickly as almost to exclude the sunshine—the blessed sunshine, which I loved so this morning, and which is so hateful to me now! There, flinging myself on the ground, with my head on a fallen trunk, I wept such tears as never man or woman weeps twice on earth. 'What is this that has come to me? What does it mean? What am I to do?'—moaned in broken sentences.

For as in a lightning-flash the knowledge had broken on my brain, that for me, Kate Percy, life's supreme moment had arrived: the moment when there is a silence in both earth and heaven, to hear the voice calling for the decision of a soul: 'Choose ye whom ye will serve.'

'Entbehren sollst du—sollst entbehren!' Every bird's throat seems charged with the message; the scent of the pines is heavy with it; it is throbbing in the earth's heart beneath my own. And I—I have no answer ready. See! the words will scarcely frame themselves upon my lips: 'Yes; I renounce!' Oh, give me but breathing-space and I will answer them more fully; let me live over again only one month, one week, one day—

'The spirits of darkness have their day.' At this moment on my ear fell a quick decided step; and I had barely time to rise to my feet before Max Gordon stood beside me.

'They told me you were out, and sent me to seek you,' he began. Then quickly: 'What is it, Katrine?'

I did not dare to look at him; but I shivered at the sudden anxious change of tone. It was useless to struggle yet, unnerved as I was by the excitement of the last few hours; and with one despairing glance at his pitiful face, I broke again into helpless sobs and tears. Max muttered something under his breath, and then he drew me closer—closer—into his strong kind arms; whispering me to 'cry there—it was my proper place.'

Ah! it will not be counted to me for sin, I fancy, that brief blessed minute, in which I forgot vow, sister, everything, and knew in very truth

what hope, happiness, and heaven all mean! Forgive me, mother, that for one moment I lost sight of the bleak empty future that must be mine—the aching hopeless void that is my portion from this hour!

“Oh, my queen, how I love you! Katrine, say you care a little—for never woman was more beloved!”

I hear, with his lips on my cheek. And then, thank God, some strength returns, and that mad moment has passed for ever.

“Let me sit down—I am tired,” I say stupidly; and we sit down on the fallen tree.

There is silence for a while. Max holds my hand firmly, and says nothing. In his absolute comprehension, in his unerring knowledge of how to deal with me, in the perfection of our sympathy, he lets me rest for a little before he speaks, and then it is very gently. “What was vexing my darling so terribly when I found her?”

And I gather myself together, and answer irrelevantly in broken phrases: “It is a mistake—is it not? You did not mean that you really care for me?”

He laughs a little. “Care for you” is rather a mild way to put it, I think. Then changing his tone quickly—“My queen,” he says, “you know it so well—what is the use of asking, Katrine?—that from the first hour we met—the night you sang *L’Addio*, sweet—I have loved you as a man only loves once in his life! Tell me now, Katrine—tell me when you will be my wife!”

Then I rose in my agony and stood up, gazing stonily down the long green vista, of which every leaf, as it sparkled in the sunshine of this first glorious day of the leafy month, will be graven on my memory to my dying hour.

I am twenty-five; I have probably some forty odd years to spend yet on earth; and in that moment, God helping me, I gave up everything that would make these forty years endurable in this most miserable world... And yet, amid it all, I can still be thankful that it has been laid on me, who am strong, to suffer for her, who is weak; and through the blackness of darkness surrounding me, some faint glimpses of the glory are even already coming—the glory that has even been theirs to whom

The high Fates gave
Grace to be sacrificed and save.

Only, if it might be possible, that the sacrifice should avail for *him* also!...

I turned to Max. Something in my face must have warned him; he grew paler, and a look that was almost fear came into his eyes—those brave dauntless eyes!

“Max,” I said, “as clearly as my dry lips would allow me, ‘try to bear it as well as you are able. I can never be your wife, or any one’s. My life was settled long ago. At my mother’s deathbed, I promised to live for my sister; and God helping me, I will keep my vow!’”

And then came the answer I foresaw and dreaded. “But, my darling, the two things are not incompatible! You need never part with Edith because you are my wife. [How lovingly, lingeringly, the word fell!] Katrine, you do not think I would ask the sacrifice? Only say you love me a little. Ah, you have never told me that yet!”

“And I never *will*,” fell from my parched lips—cruel in my pain. “I can never be your wife, Max Gordon—never!”

And then I went through yet another of these ordeals which seem to repeat themselves to-day in endless monotony. He pled well, eloquent with the consciousness of reason on his side; whilst with him went my hungry heart, and all the youth and life within me, that shrank and quivered at the prospect of a future that was to be empty of *him*.

It was a bitter task, in very truth, coldly to refuse him the only boon he ever asked me—I, who there and then would have died for him gladly!

At last, finding argument and entreaty were alike useless, he knelt down at my feet, and taking my two hands in his, he spoke, with solemn eyes on mine. “Beloved, you do not fancy you can deceive me? Ah, Katrine, a thousand vows could not make my certainty more sure, my faith more perfect! “Our spirits rushed together” when your eyes met mine that night nearly three months ago; and nothing either of us can do will be able to dis sever them again. But I know you too well, and reverence you too highly, to doubt that your motive is an adequate and worthy one, and as such I will honour it. So if I may neither know it nor the cause of your tears—such tears, poor child!—at least promise me one thing. Should, now or afterwards, there be anything I can do to help you, however hard, *try* me, Katrine! My love is good for something, I assure you—with a dreary smile. “And if, please heaven, things, or your view of them, change—oh, tell me quickly, sweetheart!” He bent his head over my hands and kissed them passionately. “Now go, my darling, go!” But still he held me. “Kate, kiss me once. It may be the only time!” I lowered my head for a moment. And then a broken whisper “Addio!”—and he was gone.

O my mother, were you near your first-born to-day?

CHAPTER VI.

KATRINE'S DIARY (*Recontinued*).

September 10, 1886.

When I last wrote in this book, summer sunshine was gladdening the earth; now we are in the fall of the leaf, and everything is bleak and dreary. Edie has been very ill. She caught the fever that day in the cottage, and for long weeks was laid low. Although never in actual danger, she has not made nearly such a good recovery as she should have done, and is still unable to leave the sofa. She is very thin and fragile, and there is a wistfulness in the great velvety eyes sometimes which goes to my heart like a knife. Still she is gaining a little strength those last two weeks, and to-day is looking almost like her old self again. Max was quite pleased with the improvement this morning, and says she will do well now.

He has been to us throughout what he always is, and more I cannot say. I hear them talk of his looking fagged and ill, and they speculate as to his overworking himself. But I alone see, as others cannot, *how* changed he is these last few months. There is a shadow lying deep in his

eyes that never used to be there, and the old glad smile is a very rare and weary one now.

September 13, 186-.

Even I, strong as I am, do not know how I have lived through the last two days.

Max came over earlier than usual yesterday morning. I heard him go up directly to Papa; and—Edie sleeping and not wanting me—I slipped out of her room quietly, and went down-stairs to the drawing-room, thinking to wait there till he should be gone again. But just as I had taken some flowers out of the vases, and was preparing to re-arrange them by way of employment, the door opened suddenly, and Max entered, shutting it behind him. He crossed over to me, and said hurriedly: 'Listen, Katrine; I want to speak to you.' And he told me in quick short sentences that he could bear it no longer; that if there was still no hope, he was going away—to India, where a friend of his father's had offered him an appointment. And then he took my hands in his, and gazing down into my eyes with infinite love in his own, he said: 'Kate, shall I go?'

I stood and shivered under his touch, powerless to take my eyes from his or to utter one single word; while in my heart went up an exceeding great and bitter cry. My burden was at last heavier than I could bear. Staggering backwards to the sofa, I laid down my miserable head among the cushions, and gazed mutely at him in anguish.

Max stood beside me, stroking my hair and asking no more questions; till by-and-by a torrent of tears came to ease me and answer him.

Then he said quietly: 'It is still hopeless, then, Katrine? This fatal secret stands between us yet?'

I bowed my head.

'To-night, then, I may write and accept Howard's offer. It must be to-night, because he wishes me to start immediately.—And now, dear,' he added wearily, 'I suppose I may go up and see Edie.'

A new and awful fear seized my heart like a vice, and brought back utterance to my tongue. 'Max!' I almost screamed, starting up and catching his hand in a temporary forgetfulness that I was alone in my unhappy knowledge. 'Who is to tell Edie?'

He looked a little surprised.

'Why, you, I should think. She won't mind much, will she?'

'I cannot do it,' I said, in breathless gasps. 'You have more power over her—than any one. You—you—manage her best when she is ill. You must break it to her; and for God's sake, gently, gently!'

'Very well, I will,' he answered, in a soothing way. 'But I am sure you are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Katrine. Why should *she* care?—why should anybody care—but you and me?—You and me,' he repeated with something like a sob; and left me.

Left me lying there on my face, in a sort of stupor; from which in a while I was roused by the furious ringing of my sister's bell. I rushed up-stairs to find her speechless and senseless and—as I thought—dying. For hours her life hung in the balance, and after that we trembled for her brain. With the return of consciousness came wild

despairing cries to Max not to leave her—if he left her, she should die or go mad; and then she clung to me and prayed me to forgive her if it were wrong in her to love him so; but she could not help it—could not help it!

My innocent little darling, there was no need to tell me that!

This evening, when Edith was at last sleeping under a strong sedative, Max sent me down-stairs to take some food. Nobody ever dreams of disputing his commands; so I went, and was listlessly trying to warm my hands—which *will* not warm—at the drawing-room fire, when he came in. He leant his elbow on the chimney-piece, and looked down on me. 'Kate, look at me,' he said suddenly.

I raised my eyes—careless now that my soul lay before him like an open book. Let him read it; who has a better right? And he does—with a long sad gaze of as perfect love and understanding as was ever born but to perish purposelessly in this world of incompleteness.

'O wondrous, fathomless eyes, with your "grand possibilities,"' I heard him murmur under his breath; 'but it is hard to give you up!' Then in a little: 'I have learnt your secret now, Katrine' (he flushed hotly as he said it); 'and if it is any solace to you to know that you possess the most unbounded admiration, the profoundest reverence of which a man is capable, you may take that comfort home!'

'Is there any chance for Edie?' I said hoarsely. 'Max, is she going to die?'

He shook his head sadly, and flushed again. 'Her health depends so much on her peace of mind,' he said slowly, 'that'—

'I cannot see her die,' I interrupted, calm with the calmness of despair. 'Max, you once said you would do anything to help me that I asked you, however hard. Will you take Edie with you to India?'

He looked at me uncomprehendingly. 'With me—to India?' Then a great horror rose slowly in his eyes, and his face grew pale as death, while he gasped: 'I un—derstand. Oh! I cannot! It is too hard, Katrine!' He sinks into a chair at the table, and lays his head down on his arms.

'It is her only chance,' I mutter doggedly. Silence.

'O my love!' he moans, in a little, 'I may be able to live without you—men do such things, I believe'—with the first bitterness I had ever heard in his voice; 'but put any other in your place—I can not!'

'She is only an innocent child,' I murmur monotonously, 'and would never know'—

There is a long silence. The clock ticking above me is the only sound I hear; and I wonder stupidly how many moments there are in forty years, and begin a mental calculation to discover. But labouredly picturing them up from days to weeks, from weeks to months, from months to years, my soul sickens at the tremendous total, and I let it go; whilst all the remaining strength within me—it is ebbing fast—focuses itself into one supreme longing. That I might first endow her with all the life and health that is such an intolerable burden to me, then lay my head down in some quiet place to die!

From behind the black drifting clouds without, a pale disk of autumn moon breaks through the uncurtained windows, and falling on the mirror behind him, reflects a saint-like halo round yonder prostrate head. Ah, my own love—is it not rather the martyr's crown?

I am brought to my senses by Max raising his head and looking at me. There are great hot tears in his eyes, but he is very quiet. 'With such an example before me, I should be unworthy indeed, Katrine, did I not hold to my promise. So, as you accepted your mother's charge, I now accept yours; and will fulfil it to the best of my power—so help me God!'

I stagger over to him, and dumbly hold out my hand. He takes it, and lays his head down on it again; whilst with the other I stroke his bright curly hair.

'O my darling,' he whispers, in a little, 'you will ever have the consciousness of how grandly you have done your part—but what will be left to me?'

'If,' I say brokenly, 'it is any comfort to you to possess one woman's boundless reverence and infinite admiration'

'No!' he said, raising his head, and fixing his eyes hungrily on my face. 'It is not enough. Go on, Katrine!'

'And measureless love!' my lips moved to, though they could not speak, as I fell on my knees beside him with weary arms about his neck. And Max took me for the last time to his breaking heart, and kissed my lips with a last long kiss—symbol at once of the loftiest heights of Love's perfection, and the deepest depths of its despair. And then a great merciful darkness came over me; and when I awakened, I was alone.

April 2, 186-.

This is the last entry I shall make in this book. As soon as Edie was strong enough, they sailed; and my sister writes that she is well and happy.

I have little more to add. Two years afterwards, my father went to his rest; and five years after that, my sister came home—ordered to her native air. Six months only was I able to keep her, and then she died in my arms, the same loving child as ever. Nursing had always been my work, and seemed the one for which I was best fitted somehow; so, after Edith's death I came here—I write from one of our largest city hospitals—where I have been for some time now superintendent of the nursing staff. So, though I am alone, I have but little time to feel lonely; and the occasions are but rare and brief when, as to-night, I can call up the old faces and hear again the old tones; and when I have time to acknowledge to myself that even yet, now and again, my heart faints within me in its weary longing

For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

And now, dear reader, should my story have passed for you an idle or a weary hour, will you forgive me if in a word more I crave your future indulgence for one of God's beaten battalions—my sisters in celibacy, the old maids? I know they are a time-honoured subject of jest,

that is often more scornful than kindly; but, O friend, so many of them—not all, of course, but how many I never knew till I came to this place—have only come to where they now stand through much buffeting of the billows of great tribulations; and, arriving on the hither shore, it is with hands nerveless and hearts riven that they have had to

Take up the burden of Life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'

Soured, dissatisfied, over-occupied with the affairs of others, some of them perhaps—and these I have no wish to justify; but nevertheless it is the result of my experience that nowhere is pure philanthropy carried to a higher perfection in its divine work of lightening Humanity's burdens than amongst the unappreciated class of the 'old maids.' And apart from all this, I do greatly honour them, that with the high and holy consciousness that in every true life one love only is possible, they are contented to abide by its issues.

TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN IN SCOTLAND.

WE have before us a remarkable publication—*The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland*—which serves to illustrate the importance attached in most parts of Scotland to the summer and autumn season. The editor, Mr Lyall—who is also its proprietor and publisher—has for some few years past prepared successive editions of the work, and the amount and variety of information given are packed into some four hundred pages of small close type. The topographical details are so full, that nothing we know of except regular Gazetteers and Cyclopædias equals it; while the excellent map of Scotland prefixed gives it additional value. The alphabetical list of hotels available for tourists and sportsmen forms an introduction to the other contents of the work. The list extends to something like two hundred hotels, from Wick and Thurso in the extreme north to the English border on the extreme south. Many a name among them smacks strongly of Gaelic—such as Ardenadam, Auchnasheen, Ballachulish, Scalasaig, Cuilfail, Ericht, Affarie, Drumnadochit, Portson-achan, Taychreggin, Kyleakin, Sligachan, and Lochmorar. In many of these hotels, mine hostess announces herself as the proprietrix; and we are not aware that guests are less comfortably treated than when the host is of the sterner sex.

Before going to other matters, let us peep into these establishments. The tourist hotel—we speak only of Scotland on the present occasion—is an institution quite unique, and such are being augmented in number every year. They all pretty nearly agree in this characteristic—that their condition during four or five summer months strikingly differs from that which they present in the other seven or eight. If not shut up altogether during the ungenial portions of the year, they are simply maintained on a small scale as taps for the supply of the local inhabitants or an occasional passing traveller. The white-cravated waiters, with table-napkins and soft shoes, are gone—we are not told whither. In bright and warm summer they again make

their appearance, ready to attend to any number of guests, and to manifest patient forbearance towards grumblers. If the hotel is full to overflowing, the landlord and his family, with waiters and servants, surrender their bedrooms, and sleep 'here and there and everywhere.' As to the functionary generally known as *Boots*, a problem arises whether he ever sleeps at all during the season; the earliest guests to depart find him ready to attend to them; the latest to arrive never find him wanting; while the information picked up by this remarkable servitor is just of the kind most useful to visitors—seeing that he knows the times of all the railway trains, steamers, coaches, and 'buses, and can give advice touching short-cuts along by-paths and over moors and mountain-passes. Nor are the guests themselves without curious experiences. If an influx of visitors takes place at one particular time, beds may be woefully deficient and makeshifts unavoidable. We know a tourist who, some years ago, before excursion trains and steamers led to the opening of so many hotels, found himself one Saturday at a small watering-place on the western coast of Scotland. Soon there came in a steamer with 'Saturday to Monday' Glasgow folk; while another contingent of visitors came down *via* the Caledonian Canal. It was literally 'first come first served;' the available beds were eagerly engaged, and the other applicants had to fare as best they could. Our friend slept on the floor of the coffee-room in one of the few hotels—head in a cupboard and feet outwards—after the other guests had retired for the night. Since that year the hotels in that town have become much more numerous.

A *shooting* has rather a special meaning in Scotland. It denotes an area of field, 'forest,' or moor over which gentlemen armed with deadly weapons bring down various kinds of game, estimating their booty not by any monetary standard, but by the pleasure of proving themselves to be crack-shots. Many of these shootings are very valuable, and are advertised to be let for the season or for a term of years, with the same publicity as houses and other buildings are elsewhere. We are told, for instance, of one shooting of twenty-five thousand acres, well stored with grouse, black-game, partridge, roedeer, hare, wild-duck, woodcock, pheasant, and rabbit; and having a shooting-box or lodge conveniently located and handsomely furnished. Another advertisement points to the fact that there are an Episcopal Church and a doctor near at hand; while the proprietor supplies the tenant with housekeeper, gamekeeper, &c. Another dwells on the advantage that a well-horsed stage-coach or a steamboat passes at no great distance from the lodge. Whether these shootings are rented for a single season, or on lease for a term of years, is a matter of agreement. The rents named range between very wide limits, forty or fifty pounds per annum up to two or three thousand pounds, or even higher. Let us notice one instance, without exactly specifying the name, locality, or date. The lodge is a fine handsome house, elegantly furnished; has four dining and sitting rooms, thirteen principal bedrooms, nine servants' bedrooms; the kitchen department replete with every appliance; hot and cold water apparatus; coachhouse, stabling for twelve horses, rooms for coachman, groom, gamekeeper, gillies, and

gardener. There are twenty thousand acres of well-stored grouse and low-country shooting, and ten thousand acres of deer-forest. There is a right of salmon-fishing on several miles of a famous Highland river, and good trout-fishing on small lochs and streams. The lodge is within two miles of a post-office and a railway station. A grand affair this, which none but a man of ample means could afford, seeing that the annual rental named is very heavy indeed.

The distribution of shootings here and there all over Scotland is well shewn in an alphabetical list in the book now under notice. All the counties are taken in regular order, from Aberdeen to Wigtown, and all the shootings in separate alphabets for each and every county. Thus we find the shootings in Aberdeen county ranging from Aberdour to Wythan, in Perth county from Abercainry to Woodside, and so on. To each is appended the name of the nearest post-town, with the names of the proprietor, his factor, and the present tenant or occupier. Her Majesty does not fail to occupy a place in the list as proprietrix and occupier of Balmoral, and as tenant of Abergeldie; while the Prince of Wales figures as proprietor of Birkhall, near Ballater. We soon find, on looking down the list, that the Southron keenly enjoys the scenery and shootings of the north, and has a keen eye towards grouse and partridge, pheasant, woodcock and blackcock, water-fowl, hare and rabbit, besides the lordly stag. Here, for instance, is one whom we recognise as a wealthy manufacturer in the county of Durham, and who pays six or seven hundred a year to a Scottish laird as rental for a shooting and its cosy lodge. Here we have an English banker renting one such spot, and two Kentish gentlemen sharing the rental of another. A London physician, a publisher, a merchant hailing from Liverpool, a silk-manufacturer, a shipowner, a shipbuilder, a great railway contractor, a cotton-spinner, a world-renowned ale brewer—all are to be found among the renters of shootings in North Britain.

Fishings, so far as concerns the information afforded to us, are still more remarkable than shootings. Let sportsmen decide the relative merits of the gun and the rod, the relative pleasures of sticking a hook in the gills of a fish and lodging a pellet in the body of a bird, or a bullet in that of a quadruped; tastes differ and always will do so. The compiler and editor of the plump little book before us, has managed to compress into it a vast amount of permanently valuable topographical information, not merely relating to touring, shooting, and fishing, but also to the physical and picturesque characteristics of nearly every part of Scotland. It is not arranged under the headings of fishings, but under the names of lochs, rivers, and streams. All the lochs are in one alphabet for each county, all the rivers and streams in another. We have spoken of the strong infusion of Gaelic in the names of moors and mountains; and certainly it is not less so in those of lochs and streams.

Let us take the case of the tiny river Cluny, to shew in what manner it is treated by our author: 'The Cluny rises on the Cairnwell Hill, and after a course of about two miles falls into the Dee near Braemar. Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld is the proprietor of the whole river, with the exception of about a mile near its junction with the

Dee, where the Earl of Fife is proprietor of the western bank. It contains trout and salmon; best months for the former are June to August; for the latter, August and the beginning of September. The part near Braemar belonging to the Earl of Fife is not strictly preserved; and for almost two miles further up the landlord of the *Invercauld Arms* at Braemar can give permission. Anglers wishing to go to the upper reaches must apply to Mr Foggo, factor, Invercauld, or to the lessee of the deer forest at Glenclynny Lodge. Hotels and lodgings at Braemar. The Cluny passes through beautiful scenery. On its eastern bank are the ruins of the old castle of Kindrochet, once a hunting-seat of the old kings of Scotland. Some years ago a parchment charter, of date Robert II., was dug out of the ruins; it is now in the possession of the Spalding Club. Near the junction of the river with the Dee is Mar Castle, once a hunting-seat of the Earls of Mar, and afterwards a government fortress. Rod season from February 11 to October 31. *Route*—by rail to Ballater; thence by coach to Braemar, eighteen miles, where fishing may be commenced; or hire to Glenclynny Lodge, seven miles further.

From the little river Cluny we will pass to the noble Loch Tay, one of the finest in Scotland. As the ample budget of information concerning it is too long to be quoted *verbatim*, we will content ourselves with a rapid summary. Loch Tay is surpassed by none for salmon-fishing, for which the season lasts from the 5th of February to the end of May or the beginning of June. The merits of the fish and the lovely scenery on the banks render this one of the most favourite spots in Scotland. Salmon as heavy as over fifty pounds have been here caught with the rod, and thirty-five pounds is by no means an uncommon fish. Mr Lyall tells us that in one recent year, by the permission of the Earl of Breadalbane, he fished the lower part of Loch Tay the first week of the season, and took in six days twenty-six salmon, weighing in the aggregate five hundred and fifty-one pounds. The loch, which is about sixteen miles long by three in breadth, has several hotels on its banks, by sojourning at which anglers can obtain permission to fish it. The net-fishings might be let at large rentals, but the Earl discourages them in order to keep up the very high character of the rod-fishings. The scenery of Loch Tay is as fine as anything of the kind in Scotland. The west or Killin end is grand and wild, the mountains rising to a great height, and serrated in many places into jagged and fantastic sky-lines. The river Lochy, which falls into the Loch near Killin, admits boats right up to the door of Auchmore House, a seat of the Earl of Breadalbane; and on the opposite side, a little further up, is the very old and picturesque burial-ground of the family, with the ivy-covered ruins of Finlarig Castle, one of the oldest seats of the barons of Breadalbane, adjacent to it. About midway down the loch, on the north side, Ben Lawers (the third highest mountain in Scotland) throws up its giant form. Many visitors ascend the mountain in summer, for which guides can be obtained at the Ben Lawers Inn, and also at Killin and Kenmore Hotels. The lower or Kenmore end of the loch is softer and more sylvan in its beauty than the upper or Killin end; and near it is the noble deer-frequented Hill of Drummond, wooded

to its very summit. The beautiful river Tay, emerging from the lower end of the loch, winds through the deer-park and round the princely Taymouth Castle. All the hotels on the loch-side possess boats, for which the following regulations are made: Each boat to accommodate only two rod-anglers, at a charge of five pounds per week or twenty-five shillings per diem; if two are in one boat, thirty shillings per day. All fish caught become the property of the angler. Two boatmen are necessary; they are paid four shillings a day each, the angler supplying them with luncheon. There are fourteen of these boats on the loch; and each hotel-keeper, by permission of the Earl, has control over a certain beat or length of loch—a profitable privilege to mine host during the season. It may be added that the Loch Tay salmon are taken in nearly every instance by trolling, not by fly. Such is the substance of the varied information given concerning the finest loch or lake in one of the finest counties in Scotland, Perthshire; and this may be taken as a sample of the spirit in which all the Scottish lochs are treated.

Even the remote Shetland, the *Ultima Thule* of Britain, comes in for a brief notice, in regard to small lochs and streams containing trout, three or four small but comfortable hostelries, and the grand cliff scenery that awaits the tourist and the artist.

For finding one's way to all parts of Scotland during the season, the great English Railway Companies furnish the primary aid, by means of *Tourists' Tickets*, two or three or more Companies sharing among them the fare charged for each ticket. The smaller Scottish Companies do the like, preparing plans for trips shorter in distance and in duration, and including other modes of conveyance subsidiary to the rail.

Steamers of course do not neglect the opportunity. From the principal ports on the east and west coasts of England, to nearly all the ports of Scotland, well appointed steamboats or steamships ply, and carry good loads in the summer. Still more notable are the river and coast steamers, especially those established by the enterprising Messrs Hutcheson of Glasgow, and by Messrs D. McBrayne and Co. These have rendered essentially good service to Scotland. They mark out routes of conveyance to a multitude of places—some beautiful, some grand—which would otherwise remain almost unknown to Southrons, and even to Edinburgh and Glasgow folk; bringing money where money is naturally scarce, and giving pleasure alike to visitors and to the inhabitants of the small towns visited. In this way, too, commerce is encouraged; for cargo steamers, following in the wake of those for passengers, exchange the commodities of the several districts for British, foreign, and colonial produce and manufactures.

The tourist coach is quite a feature in the general system. It is usually owned by three or four hotel-keepers along the line of route, who share among them the expense of coach, well-appointed teams of horses, and all the necessary trappings. The coach starts, say, about ten in the morning from an hotel where some of the passengers have probably passed the night; it changes horses along the road at well-determined places; it makes a longer mid-day stoppage, to enable the wayfarers to partake of luncheon; and

it arrives at the end of its journey at six o'clock or so, where mine host naturally expects many of the passengers to dine, sup, sleep, and breakfast next morning. Some of the most tempting scenery in Scotland is laid open by these coaches. It may be worth mentioning too that most of the drivers are superior in intelligence to the Old Weller class of men among the stage-coach drivers of England, being acquainted with the history and traditions of most of the buildings and spots rendered memorable by past events; and many of them able to give characteristic emphasis to snatches of song from Robert Burns and Walter Scott.

BY CHANCE.

DESIRING to give a new zest to social gatherings, the Americans not long ago hit upon the device of Wristlet parties—so called from each lady invited being required to furnish a pair of wristlets, duly numbered, for the occasion; one of which she retained for her own use, its fellow being forwarded to the party committee. On the evening appointed for the gathering, each gentleman-guest before entering the room selected a wristlet from a basket outside; and then proceeded to look up the lady wearing its fellow, upon whom he was bound to dance attendance until the party broke up.

It is not unlikely that the idea was suggested through its originator bethinking himself or herself that in old days it was customary for every one whether married or single, to take a valentine by chance not choice; the names of the parties to the fanciful lottery being written on paper, rolled up and drawn, so that all concerned had two valentines—the one they drew, and the one who drew them. 'I find,' writes Mr Pepys in 1667, 'that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I am not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But I do here observe first the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto; and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most courteous and most fair;" which as it may be used, or an anagram made on each name, might be very pretty.' What Mr Pepys escaped by being valentine to a child may be seen by a later entry in the Diary, running: 'I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.'

Even nowadays men have still faith in Fortune, and willingly let Chance decide matters more momentous than partnerships for a night or a year and a day. In the Albemarle Memoirs we read: 'Up to the year 1770, Lord Albemarle and his brothers the Admiral and the General, were unmarried, and had no intention of changing their, to them, state of single-blessedness. Their younger brother Frederick, Bishop of Exeter, was the only Benedict of the family; and he had a son Frederick, ten years old, by his wife, Horace Walpole's niece. Unfortunately for the boy, he inherited his mother's waywardness of temper; and gave such offence to her bachelor brothers-in-law that they tossed up which of them should marry, with a view to cut out the lad, who was looked upon as heir-presumptive to the title.

Lord Albemarle won the toss; proposed to and was accepted by Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller of Froyle Place, Hants; whom two years after he left a widow; and had by her a son and successor, born the 14th of May 1772, and at his father's death a boy five months old.' This boy on arriving at the age of twenty, took to himself a sixteen-year-old bride, and became the father of so numerous a progeny as utterly to extinguish any hope the once heir-expectant might have cherished of enjoying the inheritance he had lost by his temper and the toss of a coin.

If Lord Albemarle thought it an ill chance that compelled him to sacrifice himself on the hymeneal altar, he had only his own rashness to blame for the misfortune, and at the worst he was free to choose the fair for whom he surrendered his liberty. That consolation was denied to Sir Walter Scott's cousin Watty. A middy in the royal navy, he went ashore at Portsmouth with some messmates, and there made merry until the funds were exhausted and a long bill run up at a tavern at the Point. The signal was made for all hands on board; but when the careless middies would have obeyed it, the landlady intervened, vowing they should not leave the house until the reckoning was paid; and called in a bailiff and his men to shew she was in earnest.

The youngsters threatened and entreated all to no purpose. The obdurate woman reminded them they would be irretrievably ruined if the fleet sailed without them, and pronounced her ultimatum. Said she to her horrified debtors: 'I will give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot very well carry on my business as a single-woman, and I must contrive somehow to get a husband; or at all events be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you marries me. I don't care a snap which it is; but one of you I will have for a husband, or else to jail you all go, and your ship sails without you.'

Finding the vixen immovable, the unhappy midshipmen cast lots; and Watty drew the fatal slip. The lady procured a license, and the knot was tied; after which she bade them, husband included, good-bye, intimating that she did not want to see him again, the marriage lines being all she wanted; and these were safe in her possession.

The ship sailed, the middies keeping their strange doings at the Point a strict secret, as they had sworn to do before drawing lots. Twelve months later, when the ship was at Jamaica, a batch of English papers reached the midshipmen's berth. Glancing over them, Watty was attracted by an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth and the execution of the culprits. Suddenly leaping to his feet, he waved the welcome newspaper above his head, shouting: 'Thank heaven, my wife's hanged!'

'There is nothing,' says Lord Shaftesbury, 'which is so merely fortune and more committed to the power of blind chance, than marriage.' A curious illustration of his meaning comes to us from the staid old town of Franklin, Massachusetts. At an evening-party there, a gentleman challenged a charming young widow to try her fortune at Bassino. She accepted the challenge, playfully proposing that they should play for a

wager; and he agreeing, asked her to name the stake. Seeing she was at a loss to respond, the host laughingly said: 'His hand against yours.' The lady demurred, and was turning away from the table; when the challenger interposed with: 'My hand for yours if I win; or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability, her consent being attainable, if I lose.' The wager was accepted; and the amused company gathered round the board. The lady led off and made forty-five, her adversary failing to score in return; but improving in his play as the game progressed, reached two hundred and fifteen to the widow's one hundred and sixty-four. Growing nervous, she played worse and worse, and finally left off the loser by two hundred and forty-seven points. Then the hostess advanced, took the fair one's feebly resisting hand, and placed it in that of the exultant winner, who begged permission to keep the mace with which he had won the match and a wife.

The early Wesleyans did not question the propriety of seeking guidance by opening the Bible at random, and taking what enlightenment they could from the verse on which they put their finger, in unwitting imitation of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, once in high repute as a method of divination, and tried with such prophetic results by Charles I. and Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library; Falkland opening on the lines, thus translated by Dryden:

I warned thee, but in vain, for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue.
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw in war.
O curst essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!

While to his royal master fell:

Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace,
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace,
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!

Shipwrecked men have often been driven to the horrible resource of drawing

Lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food;

but in such cases the participants in the lottery have been so nearly dead already as to care very little how the chances might go. To men in full life and vigour such an ordeal is a trying one. In 1842, when Santa Anna ruled Mexico with a rod of iron, some three hundred Texans crossed the Rio Grande and attacked the little town of Meir, but were badly beaten by the garrison under General Ampudia, and two hundred of them taken prisoners. A month later saw them at Hacienda Salado, on their way to Matamoras. Rising upon their guards, after a sharp fight in which twenty-four of them went down, the Texans managed to escape, and struck for the mountains; but ere they could gain them were surrounded by a detachment of Mexican cavalry and forced to surrender. They were taken back to the Hacienda to await instructions from Santa Anna. He ordered that one man in ten should be shot immediately. As there were a hundred and seventy-six prisoners, this decree condemned seventeen to

death; and the Texans wondered how the victims would be selected. They had not to wait long to learn. On the 25th of March 1843, they were brought out of prison, and drawn up, fettered in pairs, in front of a stone wall. Then the Mexican commander, producing a small pitcher, dropped into it one hundred and seventy-six beans, of which seventeen were black; and grimly informed the Texans they must step forward in turn and draw a bean, those taking a black one being doomed to death.

The first to advance was Captain Cameron, a fearless Scotchman, who had led the attack on the guard. Thrusting his hand into the pitcher, held at arm's-length by an orderly, so that the interior could not be seen, Cameron, to the disappointment of the Mexicans, drew forth a white bean. Captain Wilson, shackled to Cameron, made the second draw, and was equally fortunate, as were the two next comers; but the fifth, Captain Eastland, on opening his hand disclosed the first fatal bean. So the drawing went on to the end. On its completion, the shackles were stricken from the limbs of the seventeen doomed men, and they were at once separated from their luckier comrades. As the sun was setting behind the lofty ridges of the Sierra Madre, the prison-doors swung back, and the seventeen Texans were led out, tied together in pairs, and made to sit down on the prostrate trunk of a tree, with their faces to the wall, and their backs to the firing-party. The word was given; there was an explosion as of a single weapon, and the tragedy was ended.

A cruel piece of business truly; but execution by lot is a thing not unknown even in England. In 1640, the parson of St Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, made this entry in the register: 'Two soters, for denying the King's pay, was by a council of war appoynted to be shott att, and a pare of gallos set up before Thomas Malaber's dore, in the Byg Market. They caste lotes which should dy, and the lote did fall of one Mr Anthone Vicars, and he was set against a wall, and shott att by six light horsemen, and was buried in our churchyard in the same day, May 16 day.'

Such are a few examples taken by Chance, a subject which is endless.

THE OLD NURSERY STORY.

FROM THE LOW-GERMAN.

SHE was like a dolly, so bonny and wee;
And oft at the gloamin' she'd sit on my knee.
I'd pat her soft cheek while my hand she would hold,
And always the old nursery story I told:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied
And he was the king then, and she was the bride.'

The years have sped onward, and now she's grown up;
But still at the gloamin' she sits in my lap;
She presses my hand, while I kiss her soft cheek,
And still of the old nursery story we speak:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied;
And I am the king now, and thou art the bride.'

J. W. G.

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